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At the Eighth Tee



BILLY STALLMAN is my cousin, and I have never had any delusions regarding the evenness of his temper. Consequently, in company with his other well-meaning friends, I have always tried to keep him away from golf. You see, Billy is one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, but his disposition is of a decidedly rocket-like nature. He declares that he is the most reasonable man on earth, and asks only that people and things behave in a sensible, logical fashion. But when he runs up against a man who can't see his reasonable point of view, or against some illogical perversity in inanimate objects, he is really apt to throw things around. Any one who has ever tried a single game of golf will understand why we trembled at the thought of Billy's taking up the game. We didn't care to have the air full of hurtling clubs; nor did we wish our caddies—who were really not a very annoying lot, as caddies go—to come to violent and untimely ends.

But no man who visits the Moreland Country Club can be kept away from the links, and Billy fell at last into the clutches of the game. It was the old story. He was standing one day by the first tee, watching his friend Robertson foozling off some wretched shots, and freely expressing his astonishment over the man's stupidity at such an apparently simple trick. At last the exasperated Robertson thrust a driver into Billy's hand and bade him do better himself. Billy grasped the club with the beginner's gingerly awkwardness, stepped to the tee, and batted at the ground with the fiercest energy. And the ball—most perverse of atoms—"lit out" from the tee in a low, screaming curve, a full hundred and eighty yards, straight over the circular bunker that guards the first green—the finest drive made from that tee in a month.

"You see," said Billy, calmly, "I told you it was easy. Here, take your club; I've had enough."

"No, no, old man," urged Robertson, yearning for revenge, "try it again. Why, you're a perfect genius at it. Here's another ball."

Thus urged, Billy drew back and struck again, and again, and again—six times, in fact—and ploughed up all the tee within a radius of three feet, and fanned the whistling air; while the ball sat calmly and exasperatingly motionless on its little mound of sand. Then Billy paused, and looked up to heaven, and delivered himself of a speech whose ornamentations I will omit.

"Why, confound it all!" he declaimed, "I hit it exactly the same way I did at first. Why don't it go? There's no logic *in* it!"

Then, with careful precision, he smashed the driver over his knee, and hurled it afar.

"Blast the game!" he vowed. "I'll find out why I can't hit the thing, if I smash every club in New York!"

So Billy was trapped, you see, just the way so many have been taken. He really got along much better than we had expected. True, his bill at the club-maker's was abnormally large, and his exclamations in sand-bunkers were not always fit for the public ear; while his wrathful orders to his caddies would have reduced less hardened youths to tears. But he was always so jolly and kind-hearted to these same boys as soon as the round was over, and he used to tip them so generously for club cleaning (quite contrary to the rules of the Green Committee), and present them with so many old clubs, that they became his devoted admirers, and would endure his most violent abuse with entire equanimity, and often a quiet grin. Billy stuck at the game most persistently. He often used to go out for a lonely round before breakfast, and come

in quite pale with rage. But at last, as a man can't stay in a white heat all the time, he got so that he could play with tolerable calmness and real good-nature, except under extraordinary circumstances. Though the maddening unreasonableness of the game was still occasionally too much for him, he settled down into a fairly steady golfer, and even won a cup or two.

Thus a year and more passed. Then came an unusually heavy winter, and for weeks the links of the Moreland Country Club were deep in snow or slush. Having thus much idle time on his hands, Billy, who had hitherto never cared much for girls' society, must needs go and fall in love and get engaged. Whereat all his cynical friends—men, I mean, of course—shook their heads in sceptical despair, and declared that, though a man of Billy's temper might possibly learn to put up with the unreasonableness of golf, the unreasonableness of woman he could never, never endure. All this was very unfair to Eleanor Markham, for, in the first place, Billy seemed fond enough of her to stand a good deal of illogicality, and then she wasn't really unreasonable (few women are), but just rather impulsive and hasty.

When the golfing season opened again, Miss Markham, who put up a tolerably good game, naturally proposed that she and Billy should enter the mixed handicap foursome for the pair of silver loving-cups. In case you happen not to know—though that seems hardly possible—let me inform you that in a mixed foursome each pair, which is made up of a man and a woman, has but one ball, and the two strike at it in turn. As one generally spends the time getting the ball into trouble, and the other endeavoring to get it out, the game is very trying on the dispositions of both. But you see Miss Markham had never played golf with Billy, and hadn't a cousin's knowledge of his temper. So the two entered.

Jack Schuyler and I were paired with them, and up to the eighth hole on the first round the four of us had a very jolly time. Billy's temper was positively sunny, for both good form and good luck were with him and his partner that day. The first seven holes had cost them only forty-one strokes, which, considering their handicap of ten, gave them a remarkably good chance at the cups—provided only that they kept up a steady game. Now just in front and a little to the right of the eighth tee on the Moreland links is the only water-hazard—a muddy, ominous-looking pond, which has been the death of many a record score. Before Miss Markham and I drove, Billy very foolishly gave his partner some parting instructions.

"Now, Eleanor," said he, cheerily, "we've got the best sort of show of winning those cups, and we *must* get them. All we've got to do is to play safe. Now don't try to carry the pond. Play over to the left. Just give me a good lie on the fair green there, and I'll put the ball right up by the hole. To the left, remember!"

When Miss Markham drove she *did* face to the left, I could see that; but unluckily (you know the way one often does when there's a hazard in front) she sliced her ball 'way off to the right. It rose high in one of those sickly, irritating curves, and dropped—chug!—right into the middle of the pond. Miss Markham didn't say a word; she just shut her lips tight.

There was an ominous silence when Billy came back to have his try at it. Luck was certainly with him, for he carried the pond cleanly with a good, straight ball. Then he turned to Miss Markham.

"Two strokes thrown away!" he groaned. "Good Heavens, Eleanor, why *did* you aim for the pond? Why didn't you go over to the left as I told you?"

I started to move away, for I hate quarrels, and I knew Miss Markham's state of mind.

"My dear Billy," she returned, with slow, calm sarcasm, "do you suppose I stood up there and deliberately aimed for the middle of the pond and put the ball there because I wanted to?"

Billy gave a disagreeable, sneering little laugh. "Well," said he, quickly, "it looked something like it. Unless you'd turned around and driven backwards, you couldn't very well have sent the ball further from the direction I told you to put it."

Miss Markham's lip curled scornfully. "You surely don't suppose I'd intentionally disregard the instructions of such an authority as you are. Of course, *your* ball never goes in any other direction than the one you intend it to. *You* never put balls in the pond."

She must have heard of Billy's long catalogue of disasters on that hole.

"I can't see that that affects the argument," snapped out Billy, in exasperation. "But, at least, when *I* aimed for the pond just now, I carried it, and didn't plump the ball into the middle, the way you did."

"Quite true," returned Miss Markham, freezingly. "When I suggested that we enter together I didn't appreciate what an accomplished expert I was going to play with. Now that I see you make such drives as this, I appreciate my incompetence. I fear we're quite unfitted to be partners." And with this meaning remark she turned her back on Billy and walked on towards the ball, swinging her club haughtily.

The rest of the game was very embarrassing. Jack Schuyler and I tried to keep up some semblance of sociable gayety, but the other two tramped after their ball in cold silence. Billy soon tried to speak to Miss Markham, but she

promptly froze him into discouragement and silence, broken only by an occasional berating of his caddie.

Strangely enough, they continued to make a fairly good score. Billy, especially, played the game of his life—just because he didn't care a straw how he played, I suppose. In spite of his fine strokes, he walked along in melancholy wretchedness. His irritation had, as usual, soon vanished. Though he felt that his position had not been illogical, he knew he oughtn't to have lost his temper. Besides, he was, as I have remarked, really very fond of Miss Markham, and unspeakably depressed at the thought of a prolonged period of coldness between them. So, during all the first part of the second round, he tried to think of some way of conciliating her. As we were on the seventh hole a fixed idea slowly took possession of his brain.

"Of course," he reasoned, "it naturally irritates Eleanor to see me play so well after what we've said; particularly as *she* isn't quite up to her game. I seem to be setting myself up as a sort of infallible golfing prig. And if I make a good drive over the pond this round, after *her* foozle before, it'll just be the last straw. Well, I won't. I'll just plunk it right into the old pond. And then she can pitch into me and she'll see I'm not a bit better than she is. That'll make her feel much better, and we'll laugh it all off and get on good terms again."

As we all walked up to the eighth tee, Billy couldn't help doing some silent calculation. "Fifty-three for the first round, in spite of the two strokes lost, and only forty-two for seven holes of the second. Why, if they got these last two holes in a tolerably low score, they had the cups sure! But never mind," reasoned Billy, "I'd rather lose the match and be on good terms with Eleanor. I think my plan's perfectly logical. Now, I'll just press, and top this ball right into the middle of the pond."

So Billy stepped on the tee and looked across at the hole, which is about two hundred yards away. Then he deliberately broke every rule of correct driving. He shut his eyes, swung with every ounce of his strength, and jerked frantically upwards, intending to hit the ball on top, rolling it into the water in front.

To his horror he felt a springy snap as his club caught the ball clean and fair, and he opened his eyes to see a white speck whistling over the corner of the pond, straight towards the hole, striking some yards short of the green, bounding, rolling on towards the flag, finally creeping up within three feet of the hole, where it stopped. Billy stood aghast, horror and despair on his face. To think that his most determined efforts for a foozle should be rewarded by the finest drive of the day! Alas, the hideous unreasonableness of golf had ruined his plan. Surely, after this, Eleanor would *never* forgive him.

As Billy stepped angrily from the tee, Miss Markham at last removed her eyes from the ball, with a gasp of relief and delight; and then (I told you she was impulsive) she threw her arms around Billy's neck and kissed him. "Oh, Billy, Billy!" she cried. "What a *superb, magnificent* drive! I'd just been counting up, and I knew that if we got this hole fairly well we'd have the cups surely. Oh, Billy, if you'd sent it into the pond I'd never have forgiven you, never, never!"

For a moment, I don't think Billy was even pleased. He just looked discouraged.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "What with a combination of golf and girls, what's the use of a man's *trying* to be logical?"

But the next second he realized his good luck; for he was, as I have remarked, really very fond of Miss Markham.

So Jack Schuyler helped me build my tee while they made

it all up. The caddies couldn't see; they were fishing for balls down by the pond.

Miss Markham holed the three-foot putt, and, with a two in their score, they naturally won the silver loving-cups, though they really didn't deserve them. If Jack Schuyler and I hadn't had such hard luck on the fifth hole—but that's just the way of golf.

However, I was glad to see Billy's temper get out of the first break so successfully. But I tremble for the future. Golf and a girl do seem to make a dangerous combination for a man of his disposition.

V. C. G.





COMMENTS

OUR last number seemed to find favor with the enlightened reading public of Columbia. Perhaps the most universally admired contribution was Mr. Cole's "Prayer." Many of our readers have expressed their intention of adding it to their *repertoire*. This is very gratifying.

It is not often that the Correspondence Department of Spectator offers, amid the clash of weighty interests therein contained, so charming a contribution to the mirth of the world as the letter by one "Michael" in a recent issue. That little boy, busily engaged in picking up separate grains of wisdom, learning and literature in this our collegiate barnyard, ridiculed boisterously and with big type the assigning in a "Lit" story, of "Joan of Arc" to Southey. Southey, indeed! Had not De Quincy once and for all covered the subject of *La Pucelle*? And what gross ignorance indeed was it for the writer in the sedate Monthly to falsify the authorship of an essay edited even for preparatory school use! Poor Michael! What folly for him to expose his little cockle-shell of criticism to the great guns of the battleship "Lit," double-shotted with facts and index numbers!



Triflers

A whirl of skirts and a lightsome laugh,
Red lips, curled in a tempting bow,
Brown eyes' challenge, provoking, sweet—
I stooped in a moment and kissed you so.

*(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall
And a kiss is a trifle after all.)*

A trifle, surely, but tell me, pray,
What have you done with my earnest plan
To "live for the good of the human race,"
To "think and work for my fellow man."

Last night it mastered my every wish
And never a trace of it now I find ;
'Tis vanished and gone like a sun-spied mist,
And naught finds dwelling in heart or mind

Save the haunting gleam of a curly head
And a mischievous, mocking, girlish face,
And an echo of laughter, trilling out
In eerie music about the place.

How should I know that soft, warm lips
Could wield such perilous, ruthless might ?
And you —— are dancing with someone else,
The kiss and its giver forgotten quite.

*(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall
And a kiss is a trifle after all.)*

Grace Goodale

Imaginary Lectures

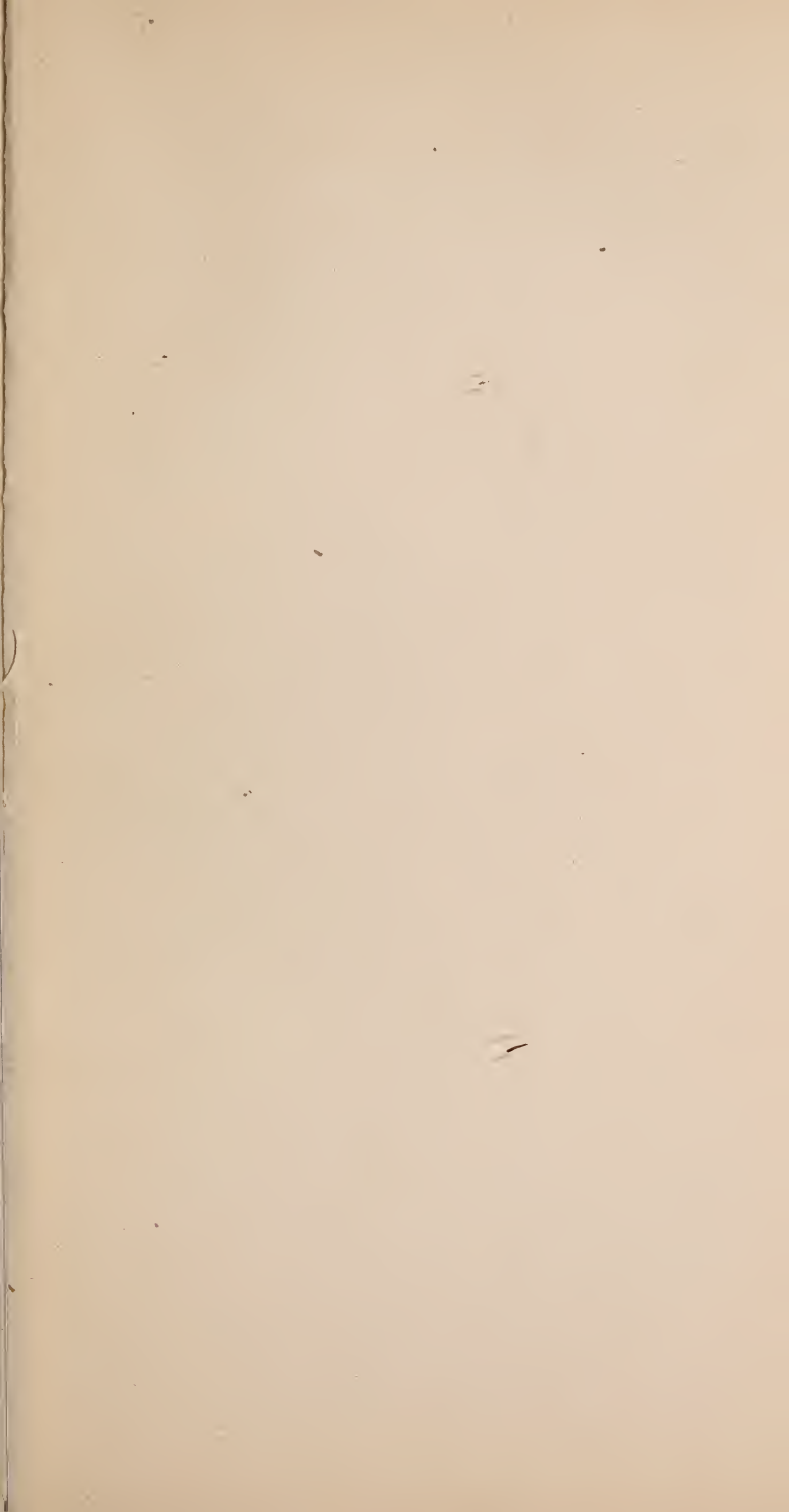
III.

(Elegantly oracular.)



It is a very curious fact, gentlemen, and one worthy of your attention, that the three great literatures of the world, Greek, French and English, should be the only ones in which the names of women appear to any considerable extent. I should scarcely go so far as to say that this will account for the position of these literatures, although I might hazard that assertion at Teachers College. Yet it appears to me, gentlemen, to be a very suggestive and extraordinary fact, a fact that could be made to throw a great deal of light upon the reasons for the supremacy of these bodies of literature. That is a good subject for a B.A. thesis, gentlemen. I throw that out as a suggestion.

I have had some very interesting and significant figures compiled as to the relative number of French and English women writers at various times in the literary history of France and England. This little book, gentlemen, that I hold in my hand, was the work of a Columbia man (*ap- plause*) who took his Ph.D. with me last year. It was his doctor's thesis. It is a very valuable little work. Well, on looking over it I find that in the 17th century, in France, against fully half a dozen women prominent in the domain of literature, there is scarcely the ghost of a lady of letters in England. By the end of the next century and in the early years of our own, the ratio is markedly turned in favor of English literature. At the time of the writing of this essay, Mr. Jones, the author, computed that the ratio was something like 643 to 1 in our favor, and that the total number of really well-known women writers of fiction, poetry and belles-





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lettres was no less than 1,685,401, of which fully two-thirds were American. (*Applause.*) In the next hundred years at the same rate of increase, Mr. Jones shows conclusively that the grand total will reach a figure almost inconceivable. In 1997 there will be in round numbers 500,000 more pen-women than the computed total female population of Great Britain and the United States. I confess I do not altogether see how this will be possible, but Mr. Jones has done his work carefully, and I am confident, gentlemen, that the results will be nearly as I have just stated them. And as the United States has already become the chief home of English literature and the inheritor equally with Great Britain of the common literary traditions of Shakespeare and Milton, we may expect even more than our share of this remarkable development.

Some persons, gentlemen, I am sorry to say, do not much believe in woman's work in literature. My friend Kipling does not, for one. I spoke to him on this subject once some time ago:

"Fiddlesticks!" he snarled. "What has woman got to do with literature anyway? That's what *I* should like to know. She had better keep herself busy mending her husband's *kharkee*."

I think, however, that women have a great deal to do with literature. There was my late friend Sappho who did those charming little things in Greek, and my still later friend Margaret of Navarre who wrote some very choice Vignettes called the Heptameron. In English I must only mention my friends Miss Corelli and Miss Libbey. I am to lecture on Miss Libbey this afternoon, gentlemen, but as I am forced to pass over Miss Corelli in this course, I will speak of her now first. I have the greatest admiration for her work which is admirable and of lasting value. You all know in what high

favor her work is held by my friend Queen Victoria, that feminine Augustus of the Victorian Age. She has recently, so I'm told, formed a Corelli Club among the crowned heads of Europe, which meets regularly once a month in the various capitals. Some persons very unadvisedly are inclined to make fun of Miss Corelli and her royal patronage. But this is largely because of envy. I, for my part, do not see why she is not entitled to all the royalties she can get.

We come now to Miss Laura Jean Libbey, that most talented, most widely, almost universally read, most thoroughly loved and revered literary woman of our own or any other time. (*Reads.*)

"Miss Laura Jean Libbey was born. It was somewhere in the Anglo-Saxon Empire, sometime this century. She was born with a gold pen in her mouth, that famous gold pen with which she wrote all her famous novels and which she has promised to bequeath to the British Museum." I am quoting, gentlemen, from the admirable little volume by my friend Mr. Hearst, the eminent Journalist, in the "Lovely Ladies of Letters Series" edited by our Professor Peck. (*Applause and stamping.*) It contains all the facts concerning Miss Libbey's life that are necessary for us to know, and will furnish the basis for what I have to say to you about her. "Laura Jean was born of honest, decent, respectable, sober folk. Her childhood was charming. She went to school and did noble. Everybody said so. It is recorded that at a very early age she wrote pretty poetry that was a delight to her elders." That is interesting, gentlemen, because as you know in later life, Miss Libbey gave up the writing of verse entirely.

"It was not until she was sixteen years of age that she wrote her first novel; it was like this: Little Laura sat one cold day by the steam-radiator in her parents' comfortable little sitting-room, reading the 'Girls' Gazette,' the predecessor

of the 'Fireside Companion' of which Miss Libbey made the fortune and reputation. It was an interesting story that she read, mayhap, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Be that as it may, she suddenly arose and with a thrilling and convincing gesture of girlish determination, she said: 'I, I too, will write a pretty tale of love. I will weave a web of wild romance. No longer shall the lucubrations of others satisfy my soul.' So taking up her gold pen, which she never before had used save for her copy-book exercises, she dashed off in a twinkling that glowing masterpiece which she entitled, from the very last exercise in the old copy-book, 'All for Love of a Fair Face.'"

There is no need, gentlemen, for me to dwell upon the sudden and enormous success that attended this maiden effort. The novel ran immediately through forty-five editions, after it had made the fortune of the "Fireside Companion," then a young and struggling sheet. Not a year passes now, gentlemen, without the appearance of at least six more editions. It has been translated more frequently than any other work on record with the exception of Rubáiyat, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. It has been done into Yiddish, Polish, Italian, and indeed all the down-town languages.

Gentlemen, I am not going to give you a careful and exhaustive criticism of this and of the other works of Miss Libbey. For an adequate fee I am prepared to prove that she is a very excellent writer; for a still more adequate fee I am willing and able to prove that she is a very bad writer indeed. As, however, this is merely a Columbia lecture, I must claim the privilege of reserving my opinion. I *will* say, however, that I fail to see the force of the argument so often used against Miss Libbey, that she writes of high life for the lower classes. I conceive that she has as good a right to describe lords and ladies for servant girls, as Richardson had to describe servant girls for lords and ladies. I also think Miss Libbey might be

thought to possess a style. If I succeed in proving that Mark Twain has a style, I shall take Miss Libbey up next.

My friend Mr. Dobson who has a very high regard for Miss Libbey personally and also for her works, but who tempers his appreciation by his sound and acute critical judgment, has written a charming series of triolets, under the title of "Lauralae." That incomparable pedant, Mr. Saintsbury, objected to this title. He said it was dog Latin. I shall quote one which states very well the strictures that may with some justice be made by the harshest critics. Mr. Dobson has stated the case with admirable compactness, with his peculiar happiness of condensed critico-poetical expression, thoroughly without bitterness and rancour and with a neat tribute to her real greatness. I will read you the triolet :

She is quite out of sight,
Is Miss Laura Jean Libbey ;
Though her diction be trite
She is quite out of sight ;
Though her subjects be—hem—light
And her structure be ribby,
She is quite out of sight,
Is Miss Laura Jean Libbey.

Well, gentlemen, I see I have still a great deal to say ; but I find I have only twenty minutes left. And as what I wanted to tell you would require at least twenty-five minutes, I don't think I had better attempt it. That will be all for to-day, gentlemen. You may go now.

Walter Satyr



A Professional Hero

PART I.



ATE in July the Bartlett family arrived at "Gaynor's," a quiet nook of the Adirondacks where they had already spent several summers. The family consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Bartlett, their daughter Theodora, better known as "Thede," and "Brother"—"Thede's Brother"—a bright, active little fellow, who seemed in a fair way to forget that he had been christened "Edward."

Thede's old schoolmate, Molly Chase, pounced upon her at once and carried her off upstairs to refresh herself after the long drive and listen to a hurried synopsis of all the house news. Molly flung herself on the bed with a sigh of deep content.

"I'm so glad you've come, Thede. We're going to have a lovely time this year. There's the Millers, and two of the Bentley girls and their cousin Dan, the one that's at Yale, you know, and Dick Howard is coming next week. The Trewins came yesterday, especially Jack," with a sly glance at Thede's unconcerned reflection in the mirror, "and the Allens have been here since the house opened. What do you want? Comb? Top drawer, left hand. There are some new people, too, that you'll like. Florence Andrews, she's a Vassar girl, but you'd never guess she knew anything, she's such a quiet little kitten. And there's a whole parcel of children. The old ones have been asking for weeks when you would come and the new ones are wild to see you. Only just lately they've been taken up with Roderick North."

"Roderick North," said Thede, lifting enquiring eyebrows, in the mirror, "it sounds like a Charlotte M. Braeme novel."

"And looks like one," nodded Molly, also in the mirror. "Oh, but he's splendid, just as handsome as he can be, and

jolly, and a heavenly tenor voice, and he dances beautifully, and such a romantic life ! His father and mother were killed in a railroad accident when he was four years old, and a horrid woman took him and made him wash dishes, and whipped him when he broke them, and abused him until he ran away, and then he was in an orphan asylum, and, when he was fourteen, a rich uncle found him and educated him. He's been studying medicine, and has just taken his degree. Lulu French, she's one of the new girls, told me all about him. Her brother's his chum."

Thede's eyebrows remained permanently lifted during this rapid recital and her rather childish mouth was doing its best to assume a satirical expression. Molly saw the danger signals and stopped, but it was too late. Thede put down the comb and faced about.

"Molly, Molly, but I expected it. Last summer it was Sherman Porter, and summer before that red-headed girl from Detroit, and last fall the organist at St. John's. Molly, you're an incorrigible hero worshiper."

Molly flushed a little and pouted.

"I don't care, Theodora Bartlett. I'd rather be a hero worshiper than be so afraid of being one that I had to snub everybody as soon as anybody else liked them."

This piece of incoherence Thede greeted with a gurgle of amusement, followed by a grave pretence of smoothing down, in dumb show, her friend's ruffled plumage.

Molly laughed, and peace was restored.

In ten minutes the two girls were down on the piazza where Thede greeted old acquaintances and made new ones with a celerity that would have been astonishing in any one else. Thede was always popular with the girls. The boys were apt to be a bit afraid of her sharp little tongue. It had a trick of deftly flicking a fellow's pet conceit with a lash of demure

satire. But Thede's little figure was so trim and plump, and Thede's face was so round, only saved from being quite so by a delicate little chin, and Thede's nose was so pert, and Thede's lips were so soft and pink, and Thede's eyes were so like "twin gray stars," and Thede's short hair curled in such soft, lustreless black rings about her shapely little head, that one must, perforce, forgive Thede's saucy tongue.

They had been sitting looking out on the lake for some thirty minutes and Thede was beginning to wonder where all the children were, when she heard their voices in gay laughter. A moment later Brother came in sight, upheld in the arms of a tall man, from whose shoulders he leaned down, teasing his companions and laughing at their vain attempts to reach him. Seeing his sister, he slid to the ground and ran to show her the pop-gun which "Wadewick" had made for him. His tall playmate doffed a golf cap to the group on the piazza and strode past, toward the landing. Thede had just time to catch a glimpse of a thin, sun-browned face, which seemed to light up suddenly when its owner smiled, and a pair of great dark eyes with lurking fire in their depths.

She turned toward Molly. "So that's your hero, is it? I must admit he makes his entrance well. But I don't know that I care for stage effects."

Thede *was* a contrary scrap of humanity. But, indeed, in this instance her feeling was somewhat pardonable. All Gaynor's seemed bent upon compelling her to hear no other name but that of Roderick North. The girls without exception were as enthusiastic in their praises as Molly Chase had been. The children were all in love with him and Brother was his particular chum. The older ladies spoke approvingly of his gentle deference toward all women and his graceful way of doing small favors. Emory Gaynor, an old guide with whom Thede was a great favorite, had hardly greeted her be-

fore he began to talk of Dr. North, declaring that he was "the stuff to make a woodsman of," high praise indeed from Emory. In desperation Thede turned to Jack Trewin for sympathy, but so long as Thede did not join in the prevailing enthusiasm, Jack could afford to express his honest opinion to the effect that North was a thoroughly fine fellow.

To tell the truth, Thede herself was conscious in the depths of her heart that her dislike was more from a habit of dropping stones into every current of popular applause than from any personal feeling. Indeed, her irritation was rather increased by a lurking conviction that were it not for the upholding of her principles she should heartily admire this young man and thoroughly enjoy acquaintance with him. She could not help discovering that they had many tastes and interests in common. What the children told her of their new playmate, what Emory Gaynor said of Roderick's love for the woods, what she herself gathered from his chance allusions to books and people, all served to convince her that here was a man who might be a friend after her own heart, if only the rest of the world would stop appreciating him.

Had her dislike been more genuine she would not have listened so patiently to the stories which his admirers poured into her ears. Mrs. Allen told, with tears in her eyes, how when her fourteen-year-old son had gone fishing up Little River and failed to return as darkness came on and rain began to fall, Dr. North had gone after him, found him helpless from a bad sprain, and, after bandaging the injured ankle, had brought the boy home on his back, two miles over a rough trail.

Thede tossed her head and quoted saucily, "I'm a hero by profession, he proceeded to explain," but the story had its effect. She knew the Little River trail and her imagination was not slow to picture the tall figure, with its helpless burden,

striding through the dripping woods in the night. And straightway she went out on the veranda and was cool almost to the point of rudeness in her treatment of Roderick North.

It annoyed her to find him occupying so large a share of her thoughts, to find how closely she observed his every feature and action. She noticed the one curly lock in his heavy brown hair, just above his forehead. She decided that his mouth was "too big," and then thought it more Italian than American, with its full, red lips and large, white, even teeth. And when she found herself thinking of these things she felt a vexation which could be relieved only by decidedly snubbing Roderick North. But he seldom put himself in a position to be effectually snubbed, and she was apt to be betrayed into a friendly sort of speech by her interest in something which he said. As to avoiding him, that was out of the question, for no expedition could be planned, no party was complete, without him. And then there were the children, always clamoring for Roderick and Thede and quite incapable of seeing any reason why both their favorites should not join in all their romps. It is really impossible for two young persons to look after a crowd of youngsters, fishing, bathing, blueberrying and "gumming," without coming much closer to each other than they could ever do among friends of their own age.

It was toward the end of August that a dozen or so of the young people prevailed upon Emory Gaynor to take them in the big wagon with the ox-team over a little-used road to Crooked Pond, a beautiful little lake lying about two miles distant in the depths of the forest. Roderick and Thede, who both belonged to that class of persons so often described as being "the life of the party," could hardly have avoided being on good terms that day, even if they had tried. The journey to the lake was hilariously accomplished and the party began at once to make preparations for their lunch.

Thede, however, went off by herself, away from the crowd of merry picnickers, among the woods she loved. As she came out on the border of the lake, at the further side of a wooded point, her eye was caught by the lillies which dotted the surface of the little cove. They were smaller than those in the lake at Gaynor's and the outer petals were pink-tinted. Seized with an ardent desire to possess one and casting about for a means of reaching them, she discovered an old log lying partly in the water. She stepped gingerly out upon it and was just stooping, with gathered skirts, to reach the nearest blossom when, with scarcely a sound, the rotten trunk parted and pitched her head foremost into the water. She had time to think as she fell that the water was probably not deep; but upon regaining the perpendicular and gasping and choking her way back to rational consciousness, she discovered that, although the water was shallow, the mud below it was not. And there flashed across her mind a very uncomfortable recollection of seeing Jack Trewin thrust a paddle, full length, into the margin of the lake. She realized at once that she was in some danger, out of hearing of her friends, out of reach of the bank, or of anything more substantial than lily-stems, and already nearly knee deep in the slimy ooze which held so tenaciously to her feet and yet did not give them the slightest support. It was terrifying and at the same time absurd. "I shan't drown;" she said, aloud, "it would be too much like a newspaper paragraph."

But she noticed that the water, which had reached her waist when she first stood up, was perceptibly nearing her arms. She tried to move toward the bank, but the effort only hastened her sinking in the treacherous mud. "Just as it always does in a story," she thought, with a hysterical laugh.

Then the horror of the thing caught hold of her and wrung out a scream.

Grace Goodale

Love and Laurel

I made my love a little song
Nor dreamed high poesie were mine,
But wondrous powers to love belong
And poets called my song divine.

Then, light of love, I sought the throng,
Vain fool, for fame my brows to twine ;
Too late I waked to know my wrong—
Nor love nor laurel wreath was mine.

W. A. B.

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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

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